

Nibelheim: 27 Years Ago...

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Summary: This story is exactly what the title says it is. This is the story of what happened between Hojo, Lucrecia, and Vincent 30 years before the start of the game FF7.

Nibelheim: 27 Years Ago...

My name is Vincent Valentine. I am death personified. Even in the means of which I live I find it hard to continue with the inner demons of death and destruction lurking behind my every door.

> <br> Every door that has led to the outside world has been closed, sealed tightly by a twist of fate that seals my heart from the very warmth it desires. I no longer deserve the warmth my heart once did share. For I am a sinner who's cross was always too much to bare. Despite every lingering moment that leads me closer to death, I find myself oddly rejected for the one moment I so desire...And yet I find myself living it.

> <br> My name is Vincent Valentine. I am death personified.

>

-----<br> I never wished to return here. I never wished to return to this pit of Hell. Down the encircling spiral stairs of this wretched old house I find myself following. Dante would be most impressed by this display of irony. Each step I take is a step into another canto; another level of Hell. Each step I pursue is a venture further into a more intense inferno of sin. I'm searching for something that I have never quite found in my life. I am looking...for a sense of closure.

> <br> "To wake me from the nightmare..."

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-----<br> The rain slowly fell from the Nibelheim sky creating a blanket of white noise as it pattered off of the tin roofs and exploded into tiny ripples upon the standing puddles that abounded around the small town's cobblestone streets. To his left, a little pub that Nathaniel and Lucrecia Hojo were spending a quiet evening together. He could feel the warmth radiating off of the glass as he peered into the window

from an unseen angle. He could see the smiles upon their their rosy faces as they conversed about times past. But for the young man, ah yes, this young man, he decided to live his life in the present.

> <br> Water trailed down his black hair in small rivers as it soaked into the already full reservoirs of water within his dark blue suit. Soaked to the skin, Vincent found that he could not take his eyes off of the beautiful woman that sat at Hojo's side. An icy cold wind shot down from Mt. Nibel, causing him to shiver, but only momentarily as he found himself lost in her beautiful, angelic face once again. An angel in a sinner's presence. . . .

> He watched through curtained windows as the young couple slowly arose from their seats and began to make their way toward the exit of the humble pub. As the wooden door groaned with age from its use, Vincent Valentine quickly ducked behind the corner of the building into an alley as the young couple slowly made their way down the stone steps hand in hand and appearing very much in love.<br>

> As Professor Hojo lifted his umbrella up into the air, the couple laughed as they locked arms and walked with a bounce in their step back to their place of lodging. Vincent poked his head around the corner and gave a depressed sigh as he watched the young couple bound off together in what seemed like pure bliss. He stepped out completely into the street with the blistering wind blowing the rain against his suit jacket, causing the tails to fly up behind him and revealing the gun that hid beneath them. <br>

> He shook his head as he watched them fade into the distance. Appearances were deceiving, for within the hour, he would meet with her in secret and the facade between herself and her husband would be temporarily relieved. <br>

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> In his room above the desk of the Nibelheim Inn, he lovingly embraced her as she began to break away from his hold. She looked up at him with longing in her eyes as she kissed him passionately on the lips and then faded away into the hotel lobby below.<br>

> He was left staring at her point of exit for several moments as if reliving the moment over and over again in his mind. The moisture of his lips upon hers still hung damply in the air as he hung his head, replacing his holster upon his hip.<br>

> With each breath he took he remembered how she had cried that Professor was never there to hold her when she needed support. How he had always discussed work and refused her even the slightest amount of love unless it proved profitable to him. Last night at the pub, he had on airs as he had begun to ever since she began showing signs of pregnancy. Although a baby could bring about change in a man's heart, Lucrecia sensed that it was merely for the experiment that she was being pamped. She felt used and abused. She wholeheartedly wished that she could be with Vincent, but he sensed that Lucrecia could not leave her emotionally abusive relationship with the Professor due to her own rationalizations. He had also heard that the child was "in need" of special treatments. Something that would kill him if those treatments were to cease.<br>

> In one hour, he would have to escort both Professor Hojo and Lucrecia to the lab in the basement of the Shin-Ra mansion. In one hour, his eyes would grace her face once more from a distance and from a facade of indifference that pained both of them to endure. In one hour. . . .<br>

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> Down the basement stairs he stepped, not knowing that each step was counted by all of the stars in heaven as each excruciating moment

passed. She walked a step in front of him with Hojo, the devil himself, in lead. <br>

> Droplets of water slowly dripped down the stone sides into stagnant puddles which were only interrupted by the force of a light footstep as they the three silently continued down the touch lit corridor of the basement. Run-off water occasionally dripped down upon their heads from the rotting, wooden support beams above causing Lucrecia and the Professor to wince ever so slightly, but Vincent would not be deterred. His eyes were upon the heavy wooden door in front of them. Although infatuation with Lucrecia's love, he was still not above his work as an escort to the both of them. <br>

> He slowly removed his gun from his holster with his left hand and slowly pushed the damp, water-worn wooden door open with his right. As the door swung open, the familiar silhouette of Dr. Gary Gast danced in opposition to the touch lit room. <br>

> Vincent quietly stepped aside as Lucrecia and Professor Hojo quickly entered. <br>

> " Ah. Welcome Nathaniel. Lucrecia." He nodded stiffly as he pulled upon the edge of latex gloves, causing an annoying pop to echo throughout the lab. "Are we ready to begin the final experiment?" Gast smiled warmly as his gaze fell upon Lucrecia. <br>

> "She is ready to begin the experiment." Hojo answered for her quickly before she was even able to muster a reply. <br>

> Vincent felt someone's eyes upon him and he slowly looked up to find Lucrecia's pleading, tearful eyes meeting with his own. His heart wished to reach where his hands could not, and he had to force himself to turn away from those tearful blue eyes. It tore his heart into unrecognizable pieces as he turned away from her and stared at the floor. He could not understand why this time was different than any of the other times the four of them had been together. What was frightening her so? She had been through the treatments several times before, but there was an electricity in the air that was so full of fear that Vincent knew he had to turn away to save face. <br>

> "The final steps of the Jenova project are the most important of all...." Hojo said as he took Lucrecia by the hand and helped her onto table. It was then that the glitter of the light's reflection upon the scalpel caught Vincent's eye from upon the tray. <br>

> "This had never been part of the treatments before..." He thought to himself. <br>

> He felt those same pleading eyes burning upon his back once more. He bit his cheek to keep his emotions in check as he turned around to find Professor Hojo tightening the second leather strap around her dainty wrists. <br>

> This was not part of the treatments. Something was wrong. <br>

> "What is the meaning of this?! What are you doing to her?!" Vincent demanded as he took a step toward Professor Hojo. Hojo stepped around the metal table in case he needed protection <br>

> "The final steps of the experiment..." Hojo muttered to himself as he turned and picked up the scalpel. "Jerry, you wouldn't mind if I--" <br>

> "I understand." Dr. Gast nodded and began to walk toward the door. "This is a personal moment for the both of you." <br>

> "Ah, yes." Hojo stated flatly as he raised the syringe into the air. He then turned to Vincent. "\*Very\* personal." Vincent swore he saw Hojo's eyes flash red as they narrowed darkly upon him. Vincent's fists clenched as the sound of the door closing behind Dr. Gast echoed throughout the silent room. <br>

> "What are you doing to her?!" Vincent growled as he began to reach for his gun. <br>

> A large popping sound suddenly exploded from within the room and

Vincent felt the tiny steel casing penetrate his stomach wall as he slowly collapsed to one knee, clutching his stomach in agony as blood began to trickle out.<br>

> "VINCENT!!!" Lucrecia screamed as he struggled against her restraints. "VINCENT?!!!" She cried as she tried to lash out with all of his might.<br>

> Vincent slowly removed his hand that was covering the gunshot wound and found it covered in a crimson liquid that sparkled in the reflection of torches throughout the room. He stared at his hand for several long moments in shock as the color slowly began to drain from his face.<br>

> "VINCENT!!!!"<br>

> Her voice seemed to be getting farther and farther away, echoing throughout the darkness that now blurred his vision. Where was she going? Why couldn't he come with her? Hojo. <br>

> Lucrecia watched in horror as her love slowly wobbled to his feet, his knees shaking so violently that she thought they would completely fall out from under him. Red crimson liquid poured down the front of him as his jacket and pants became soaked in a river of blood. With the last ounce of strength he had left within him, Vincent pointed his gun directly at Hojo's chest and wrapped his finger around the trigger. <br>

> His legs gave out from under him as the gun slowly slipped away from his grasp. He crashed to floor with a sickening thud as the gun landed with an eerie clank next to the dead, crumpled body of its owner.<br>

> "NO!!!" Lucrecia screamed. She was in such a disarray that she did not notice Hojo sneaking up behind her with the syringe. He jabbed the syringe into her arm brutally, and her screams slowly faded away into a soft whisper and then to silence.<br>

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> <br> \_"Please...let me hold him once...!"\_

> <em> "Why?" She remembered him questioning. "You have no scientific purpose to the boy now..." He replied, not even giving her the worth of a simple glance.

> <br> She looked at him in utter shock. Anger and parental fear began to rage within her as he tried to remove herself from the operating table. Much to her dismay, she found herself strapped to the table, unable to move the slightest bit.\_

\_"Professor---Nathaniel!! Let me go!! " She remembered rage pouring out of her every vein as she struggled against the leather straps that bound her to the table.\_ "Where is Sephiroth?!" She screamed at the top of her lungs.

> <br> "You can trust that he is safe...\*doctor.\*"\_ \_Hojo sighed as he continued to tweek with his instruments, not even remotely caring that his wife was in a mad rage not 3 feet from him.

> <br> "Doctor?!" She screamed.\_ "Nathaniel, I'M YOUR WIFE!!" Blood dripped from arms as she struggled against the leather straps, fighting with all of her might against what was keeping her from her son.

> <br> "Where you?" Hojo said icily as he turned around slowly. "Or were you Valentine's?!" He charged, glaring down at her icily until a small smirk played across his lips. "No matter," love is for the weak. It is simply a by-product the need to produce."

> <em><br> \_"Are you suggesting I was only a means of reproduction for your experiment?!" Lucrecia shouted, calming a little.\_ "Perhaps Vincent gave me something that you never could..."\_

> <br> \_"And what was that?"\_ \_The professor said calmly, as if this were a normal every day occurrence as pulled the darringer pistol out

of his coat pocket again. Lucrecia's life began to slowly fade away  
as blood began to seep from her chest.  
> <br> "Love, Nathaniel. Love...."  
> <br>

End  
file.